POEMS,

BY

JOHN GERRARD,

CURATE of WITHYCOMBE IN THE MOOR,
DEVON.

[PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS.]

11630. d. 10
6

POEMS,

BY

JOHN GERRARD,

CURATE of WITHYCOMBE IN THE MOOR,
DEVON.

—— Stulta est clementia cum tot ubique
Vatibus occurras perituræ parcere chartæ— JUV.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR;
AND SOLD BY
G. KEARSLY, AT Nº 1, LUDGATE STREET.

MDCCLXIX.

PRINCE MUSEUM

LIST
OF
SUBSCRIBERS.

A.

HENRY Arnold, D. D. Prebendary of Wells
Rev Mr Adams, South Perrot
Miſs Charlotte Arundel, Hay
Mr Arſcott, Surgeon, Teingmouth.

B.

John Booth, Eſq; Park
Rev Mr Bean, Stoke-ſub-Hamdon
Mrs Bean
Rev Mr Bradford, Buckfaſtleigh, two Copies

Re

Rev Mr Blake, Curry Rivil

Samuel Bowden, M. D. Frome

Rev Mr. Baker, Chizelborough

Rev Mr Baker, Martock

Mr Bryant, Ilminſter

Mr Brent, Aſhburton

Rev Mr Brutton, Holne.

C.

Right Hon. Lord Viſcount Courtenay

Charles Cane, Eſq; Topſham

Rev Mr Cox, Crewkerne

Rev Mr. George Carwithen

Rev Mr Thomas Carmithen

Rev Mr Churchwarde

Mr Cookeſley, Surgeon, Aſhburton

Mrs Cookeſley

Mr Cleves Perrott

Mr James Corniſh, Surgeon, Totneſs

Mr Cole, Martock

Mr. Cockey, Aſhburton.

D.

John Dunning, Eſq; his Majeſty's Sollicitor General

Rev Mr Domett, Axminſter

Mr James Donne, Crewkerne.

E.

Rev Mr Ewens, Crickett

Mr John Edmonds, Aſhburton

Mr Richard Eales, Aſhburton

Miſs Eales

Mr Edwards, Staverton.

F.

George Furſdon, Eſq;

Mr James Furſman, Aſhburton

Mrs

Mrs La' Fauſſille, Wells
Mrs Fiſh, Wells
Maſter Floud, Exeter, two Copies.

G

Mrs Gwin, Ford-Abbey
Rev Mr Granger, Sowdon
Rev Mr Granger, Teingmouth
Mr Richard Gould, Wells
Miſs Gillard, Brixham
Mr Grigg, Bookſeller, Exon.

H.

Charles Hale, Eſq; Ingſdon
Mrs Hale
John Harriſon, Eſq; Wearde
Mrs Harriſon
James Hooper, Eſq; Yeovil, three Copies

William Hoddy, Eſq; Chedington, Dorſet

Mrs Howe, Somerton

Rev Mr Harris, Hennock

Rev Mr Hutton, North-Bovey

Rev John Hutchins, Brixham

Rev Mr Holdſworth, Dartmouth

Miſs Hayne, Lupton

Mr Hutchins, Martock

I.

William Ilbert, Eſq; of Bowingſleigh

Mr Jackſon, Exeter

Mr Jenkins, Wells

Mr James Johnſtone, Plymouth

Capt Elford Ilbert, of Kingſbridge.

K.

Mr Kingſton, Dorcheſter

Mrs Kelley.

L.

John Line, Eſq; Lindridge

Mrs Line

Rev Mr Lovel, Canon of Wells

Rev Mr Lewis, Martock

Lieutenant Lewis, Devizes

Mr Louis, Exon

Miſs Louis, Exon.

M.

John Moſs, Eſq; Wells

John Moore, Eſq; Weſt-Coker

Rev Mr Marſhall, Maſter of the Free Grammar School, Exon

Rev

Rev Mr Madge, Aſhburton

Mr James Mounier, Surgeon, Plymouth.

N.

Andrew Napier Eſq; Thorne

Rev Mr Naylor, Vicar of Aſhburton

Rev Mr Neyle, Ambrook

Mr Newman, Barwick

Mr Newberry, Hay

Mr George Nelſon.

P.

Edward Phelips, Eſq; Montacute

Henry Powell, Eſq; Curry Rivil

Rev Francis Potter, Archdeacon, Wells. three Copies

Rev Mr Paget, A. M. Vicar of Doulting

Rev Mr Prowſe, Dawliſh

Rev Mr Pain, Canon of Wells

Rev Mr Pierſon, Crewkerne

Rev Mr Patch, Maſter of the Grammar-School, Crewkerne

Rev Mr Peſter, Crewkerne

Rev Mr Purcell, Shepton-Mallet

Mr Pulsford, Wells

Mr Penny, Wells

Maſter Phillipps, Mambrey.

Q.

Captain Quantock, Norton.

R.

Rev Mr Rawlins, Rector East Chinnock

Mr Reynolds, Plymouth.

S.

Elford Sparke, Eſq; Plympton

Edward Spry, M. D. Totneſs, two Copies

A Gen-

A Gentleman Unknown

Mrs Stone

Rev Mr Stabback, Exeter

Rev Mr Shepherd, Vicar, Dean Prior

Miſs Shubrick,

Miſs Soper Taviſtock

Mr Robert Sparke, Dartmouth.

Mr Searle, Surgeon

Mr Savery

Rev Mr Savery, Rattery

Rev Mr Southmead, Chagford

Rev Mr Stringer, Chard

Mr George Gale Snelling, Crediton.

T.

Peter Taylor, Eſq; Bircott

Paris Taylor, Eſq;

Thomas Taylor, Eſq; Denbury

Rev

Rev Mr Twyford, Treaſurer of St David's

Rev Mr Taggart, Crewkerne

Rev Mr Terry, Rector of Aſhprington

Rev Mr Tatchel, Combe St Nicholas

Rev Mr Taylor, Manaton

Mr Tripe, Aſhburton, Surgeon, four Copies

Mr Toller, South-Petherton

Mr Tuſon, Wells

Mr Robert Taylor, Crewkerne

Lieutenant Thompſon, Commander of the Tartuff.

V.

Mr James Vinen, Warminſter, Wilts.

W.

Rev Mr Wickham, Shepton-Mallet

Rev Mr Wood

Rev Mr Weſtcott, Truſham

Mr

Mr White, Exon

Mr Whitely, Merriott

Mr Winter, Stoke-ſub-Hamdon.

Y.

John Yarde, Eſq; Churſton Court

Rev Mr Yarde, Rector of Dartington.

Mr White, Exon

Mr Whitely, Merriott

Mr Winter, Stoke-sub-Hamdon

Y.

John Yarde, Esq; Churston Court

Rev Mr Yarde, Rector of Dartington.

THE Author would think himſelf wanting in gratitude, ſhould he omit this opportunity of returning his ſincere Thanks to his *Subſcribers*. Few as they are, he is but too ſenſible how greatly they out-number his deſerts. As he cannot but conſider their Contributions intended more out of goodneſs to himſelf, than regard for his pieces, any apology for their imperfections to *Them* muſt be unpleaſing.

But though a ſenſe of generoſity ſhould content the *Subſcriber*, the *Reader* he fears will be greatly diſappointed. And however he may ſtand impeached in his judgment, has only to alledge, that theſe attempts were chiefly made under the indulgence of no other motive, than that of his own puerile amuſement.

Conſcious of his inſufficiency, he expects not the voice of the impartial, and therefore only preſumes to ſolicit the candid; and beſpeak ſome allowance for the forward attempts of *inexperienced years* and *unmellowed judgment*.

CON-

CONTENTS.

	Page
INTRODUCTION. The Eagle and Dove, a Fable,	1
Leander, a Paſtoral, - - - - - -	4
The Addreſs to the Sun, - - - -	10
Aminta, an Elegy, - - - - - -	13
Petherton-Bridge, an Elegy - - - -	19
The Cloſe of the Two Armies, - - - -	24
The Parley with Sickneſs, a Tale, - - -	28
Lactarea; or the Forſaken Damſel, - -	40
The Deſpairing Muſician, an Ode, - - -	48
Dido to Æneas, - - - - - - -	50

Page

An Epiſtle from an Unfortunate Gentleman to a Young Lady, - - - - - - - - - 62

An Epiſtle to Mr. Cookeſley, Surgeon, &c. at Aſhburton, 71

A Song, - - - - - - - 75

A Sonnet, - - - - - - 78

A Remonſtrance, - - - - - - 80

An Epiſtle to a Young Deacon about to take Prieſt Orders, - - - - - - 88

The Beatific Viſion; an Irregular Ode, - - - 101

INTRODUCTION.

The EAGLE and DOVE:

A FABLE.

AN EAGLE of majeſtic ſize,
Was tow'ring up the lofty ſkies;
Amidſt the ſun's intenſeſt rays
He ſoar'd, and wanton'd in the blaze.
There triumph'd in aërial height,
That ſeem'd to mock purſuing ſight.

A DOVE, that from an humble ſpray,
In murmurs coo'd her plaintive lay,

Who ſaw what time the monarch roſe,
From the high rock of his repoſe,
Invited by the call of ſpring,
Aſſay'd to try her tender wing;
On ſofter plumes ſhe gently flies,
And hovers in inferior ſkies.

The EAGLE, from his fervid reign
Ey'd her low progreſs with diſdain;
Then ſtoop'd his envy to expreſs,
And vent his ſpleen in this addreſs.

" Vain thing, that with an empty pride,
Mimic'ſt what nature has deny'd,
Can thy weak wings with mine compare,
Thus ſoar, and beat the cloſing air?
Say, can'ſt thou mount my rapid way,
And bear the fiercer ſcorch of day?—

Nor

Nor think, raſh bird, to rival me,
With ſhallow flights from tree to tree;
But learn how fruitleſs the intent,
Which wiſer nature never meant."

The DOVE replies "your ſpleen were due,
Did I preſume to rival You;
But where's the crime I fain would know,
For me to wing my flights below?—
Let not the ſov'reign of the ſky,
Regard me with indignant eye.
Your ſounding wings were form'd to ſoar,
Mine but inferior heights explore;
Yet ſtill the ſame great pow'r above
Made thee an EAGLE, me a DOVE."

LEANDER.

A PASTORAL.

Ὤλισε τὸν καλὸν ἄνδρα, συνώλεσεν ἱερὸν εἶδος. BION.

BENEATH a ſhade with darkſome ivys hung,
Dejected MYRA loſt LEANDER ſung;
The trueſt ſwain that ever wak'd the morn,
The faireſt damſel ſhe, the moſt forlorn.
While thus ſhe ſung as riſing grief inſpir'd,
The ſetting ſun grew paler and retir'd:
The flocks forgot to feed, the nightingale
Sat fixt in ſilence at the mournful tale.

Lay by, ye fields, your purple robes, ſhe cry'd,
And mourn, ye flocks, no more your ſhepherds pride!

Forbear

Forbear, ye thorns, to ſpread your whitening ſprays,
Nor, feather'd ſongſters, tune your artleſs lays;
No more, ye roſes, o'er the verdure bloom,
Nor, od'rous woodbines, breathe your chaſte perfume;
But ſunk in grief let mourning nature lie,
And ſpring's ſoft ſeaſon fade away and die!

LEANDER is no more——thou winding ſtream,
In plaintive murmurs tell the ſolemn theme;
Till grateful ecchoes from thy banks ariſe,
And whiſp'ring willows load the ſtream with ſighs.

Come, frozen winter, from the northern main,
Approach in tempeſts, and deform the plain.
No more LEANDER wakes the jocund ſpring,
And ſhews the liſt'ning throſtles how to ſing;
No more his fleecy folds the ſhepherd leads,
To cooling fountains, and luxuriant meads.

Ah hapleſs flocks! your widow'd fate deplore
LEANDER breathes, ye hapleſs flocks, no more!

Ye tuneful ſhepherds, ceaſe your gladſome ſtrains,
And ſcatter ſilence round the faded plains!
No more, ye ſportive nymphs, ſoft dances lead,
And trip in mirthful meaſures round the mead.
Huſh'd every joy —— nor load, ye feſtive throng,
The pole with garlands, or the May with ſong.
For ah! no more the peerleſs ſhepherd draws,
Their ſouls from virgins and from crowds applauſe;
For ah! the cold relentleſs grave contains,
The pride of damſels, and the prince of ſwains!

Deſerted MYRA! — why, ye envious pow'rs,
Ah why bereft of all her bliſful hours?
Why left amidſt the ſolitary grove,
To mourn the ſhepherd, and bewail the love?

O loſt

O loſt LEANDER!—when I ceaſe to grieve,
When theſe worn eye-lids ſteal one ſhort reprieve;
When my fond heart obliterates thy name,
Or boſom feeds not her ill-fated flame;
The tender turtle ſhall forget to mourn,
And to their parent ſpring yon ſtreams return.

Untimely youth!—in vain I hop'd to ſee,
My warmeſt wiſhes realiz'd in thee;
With thee in nuptial bands one bliſs to ſhare,
Cheer'd by one pleaſure, cheriſhing one care.
At morn and eve the flowery fields to rove,
And ſhame the feather'd pairs with truer love;
Together, ſtill our thriving flocks to tend,
Together, through life's ſummer-day deſcend:
But now hard fate has taught me to complain,
That all my wiſhes, hopes, and love were vain.

Return, ye hours, return to fruitleſs thought,
When firſt my ſylvan ſhade the ſhepherd ſought;
For me his hand the fledgeleſs dove betray'd,
And to my lap the thorn's firſt blowth convey'd;
When firſt his ſpeaking looks ſurvey'd my charms,
And ſilent longings woo'd me to his arms:
Till melted by his ſmiles, without diſguiſe
My ſoul took wing, and flew into his eyes.
When touch'd with tranſports not to be expreſt,
He flung the darker lillies from my breaſt;
Bade them go whiten in December's ſnows,
And for my brighter cheek reproach'd the roſe.
Ah why in vows did he exhauſt his breath,
Unfelt by pity, and o'erheard by death.

So, while the genial ſun revives the plains,
Two tender linnets vow in mutual ſtrains;

Beneath

Beneath the fowler's aim the lover dies,
The love, like MYRA waſtes her life in ſighs.

My form how faded by abortive care,
Yon limpid ſtreams with artleſs truth declare.
In vain to me the eaſtern bluſhes riſe,
Or waining eve with gold o'erſtreaks the ſkies:
In vain for me health haunts the chryſtal ſpring,
And Zephyrs o'er my cheeks their roſes fling;
No ſuns, no breezes ſhall my bloom reſtore,
And op'ning morn revive my ſoul no more!

Adieu! ye liſt'ning flocks! ye weeping flow'rs!
Ye fading verdures! and ye ſilent bow'rs!
Ye murm'ring ſtreams, no more my ſorrows tell,
Adieu ye nymphs! and all the world farewell!

Thus wail'd the hapleſs maiden — but in vain
She ſtrove to quench her ſorrows in the ſtrain,
Till from the eaſtern main fair CYNTHIA roſe,
And dewy ſlumbers ſtole her from her woes.

The ADDRESS to the SUN,

In the CALTHON of OSSIAN

VERSIFIED.

O Thou that roll'ſt o'er yon ethereal field,
Round and reſplendent as my father's ſhield!
Whence are thy beams with dazzling luſtre bright?
Thou great diffuſer of eternal light!—
Thou travell'ſt forth in awful ſmiles array'd,
And the dim ſtars ſhrink in the azure ſhade!
The ſickly moon depriv'd of all her fires,
Shiv'ring beneath the weſtern wave retires;

But

But thou enwrapt in glories all thy own,
Unrivall'd tread'ſt the kindling ſkies alone!
The knotted oaks by length of years decay,
And mould'ring mountains drop to duſt away;
By ſeaſon's ſway'd, old Ocean ſhrinks and grows,
And the fair moon her ſtated changes knows;
But thou to everlaſting years art bright,
The conſtant author of perpetual light.
When the dim landſcape mourns beneath the ſhow'rs,
When thunder rolls, and forky lightning pours,
Serene thou look'ſt, unalter'd in thy form
To brave the tempeſt and deride the ſtorm —
But ah! in vain to me thy glories ſtream,
No more thy OSSIAN ſees the gladſome beam.
Whether in eaſtern ſkies thy treſſes flow,
And ſtream with gold, as wanton breezes blow;
Or on meridian wings thou ſoar'ſt elate,
Or faintly trembleſt at the weſtern gate!—

But yet, ſucceeding times a change may ſee
Yet, may thy vig'rous orb be dim like me.
Then o'er thy cloud-capt head ſoft ſleep ſhall fall,
No more to hear the morning's breezy call!—
O then to joy, thy youthful years incline,
E're the dim eye of feeble age be thine.
Age ſightleſs as the moon when darkneſs ſhrowds
Her waining beauties in involving clouds.
When o'er th' unſettled hills blue miſt remains,
And northern tempeſts howl along the plains;
When the faint trav'ller in the doubtful night,
Shrinks at the blaſt, and mourns the faded light.

AMINTA.

AMINTA.

AN ELEGY.

Flete meam, ſylvæ, dilectaque rura, puellam
Non iterum tenero, rura, terenda pede! RELAND.

AN o'ergrown wood my wand'ring ſteps invade,
With ſurface mantled in untrodden ſnow;
Dire haunt, for none but ſavage monſters made,
Where froſts deſcend, and howling tempeſts blow.

Here, from the ſearch of buſy mortals ſtray'd,
My woe-worn ſoul ſhall hug her galling chain:
For ſure, no foreſt boaſts too deep a ſhade,
No haunt too wild for miſery to remain.

O my AMINTA! dear diſtracting name!
Late all my comfort, all my fond delight;
Still writhes my ſoul beneath it's tort'ring flame,
Sill thy pale image fills my aching ſight!

Whe

When ſhall vain mem'ry ſlumber o'er her woes?
When to oblivion be her tale reſign'd?
When ſhall this fatal form in death repoſe,
Like thine, fair victim to the duſt conſign'd?

Again the accents faulter on my tongue;
Again to tear the conſcious tear ſucceeds;
From ſharp reflection is the dagger ſprung,
And nature, wounded to the center, bleeds.

Ye bitter ſkies! upon the tale deſcend——
Ye blaſts! tho' rude your viſits, lend an ear—
Around, ye gentler oaks, your branches bend,
And, as ye liſten, drop an icy tear.

'Twas when the ſtep with conſcious pleaſure roves,
Where round the ſhades the circling woodbines throng;
When Flora wantons o'er th' enamel'd groves,
And feather'd choirs indulge the am'rous ſong.

Inſpir'd

Inſpir'd by duteous love, I fondly ſtray'd,
Two milk-white doves officious to enſnare:
Beneath a ſilent thicket as they play'd,
A grateful preſent for my ſofter fair.

But ah! in ſmiles no more they met my ſight,
Their ruffled heads lay gaſping on the ground:
Where (my dire emblem) a rapacious Kite,
Tore their ſoft limbs, and ſtrew'd their plumes around.

The tear of pity ſtole into my eye;
While ruder paſſions in their turn ſucceed;
Forbid the victims unreveng'd to die,
And doom the author of their wrongs to bleed.

With haſty ſtep, enrag'd, I homewards ran,
(Curſe on my ſpeed!) th' unerring tube I brought.
That fatal hour my date of woe began,
Too ſharp to tell — too horrible for thought —

Diſaſtrou

Diſaſtrous deed!—irrevocable ill!—
How ſhall I tell the anguiſh of my Fate!
Teach me, remorſeleſs monſters, not to feel,
Inſtruct me, fiends, and furies to relate!

Wrathful behind the guilty ſhade I ſtole,
I rais'd the tube—the clam'rous woods reſound—
Too late I ſaw the idol of my ſoul
Struck by my aim, fall ſhrieking to the ground!

No other bliſs her ſoul allow'd but me;
(Hapleſs the pair that thus indulgent prove)
She ſought concealment from a ſhady tree,
In amorous ſilence to obſerve her love.

I ran—but oh! too ſoon I found it true!—
From her ſtain'd breaſt life's crimſon ſtream'd apace—
From her wan eyes the ſparkling luſtres flew—
The ſhort-liv'd roſes faded from her face!

Gods!

Gods!—could I bear that fond reproachful look,
That ſtrove her peerleſs innocence to plead!—
But partial death awhile her tongue forſook,
To ſave a wretch that doom'd himſelf to bleed.

While I diſtracted preſs'd her in my arms,
And fondly ſtrove t'imbibe her lateſt breath;
" O ſpare, raſh love, ſhe cry'd, thy fatal charms,
" Nor ſeek cold ſhelter in the arms of death.

" Content beneath thy erring hand I die.
" Our fates grew envious of a bliſs ſo true;
" Then urge not thy diſtreſs when low I lie,
" But in this breath receive my laſt adieu!—

No more ſhe ſpake, but droop'd her lilly head!
In death ſhe ſicken'd—breathleſs—haggard—pale—
While all my inmoſt ſoul with horror bled,
And aſk'd kind vengeance from the paſſing gale.

Where ſlept your bolts, ye ling'ring light'nings ſay;
Why riv'd ye not this ſelf-condemned breaſt?—
Or why, too paſſive earth, didſt thou delay,
To ſtretch thy jaws, and cruſh me into reſt?—

Low in the duſt the beauteous corſe I plac'd,
Bedew'd and ſoft with many a falling tear;
With ſable yew the riſing turf I grac'd,
And bade the cypreſs mourn in ſilence near.

Oft as bright morn's all-ſearching eye returns,
Full to my view the fatal ſpot is brought;
Thro' ſleepleſs night my haunted ſpirit mourns,
No gloom can hide me from diſtracting thought.

When, ſpotleſs victim, ſhall my form decay?
This guilty load, ſay, when ſhall I reſign?
When ſhall my ſpirit wing her chearleſs way,
And my cold corſe lie treaſur'd up with thine?

PETHERTON-

PETHERTON-BRIDGE,

AN ELEGY.

Inſcribed to the Rev. Mr. BEAN, of Stoke-ſub-Hamdon, Somerſet.

Tradition holds, that the Cataſtrophe alluded to in the following Elegy, happened about two Centuries ago; of which the Sculpture is yet to be ſeen, at the above-mentioned Bridge, near South-Petherton, Somerſet.

O BEAN! whoſe fond connubial days,
A beauteous infant-race attend;
Say, wilt thou once more aid my lays,
And join the patron to the friend?

But not o'er bright Aonian plains,
Enraptur'd as we us'd to roam:
The muſe each joyous thought reſtrains,
And calls her wing'd ideas home.

The wedded pair for children pray;
They come—fair bleſſings from the ſkies:
What raptures gild the halcyon day!
What joys in diſtant azure riſe!

But ah! enamour'd as they view
The ſmiling, hopeful, infant-train,
Unſeen, misfortune marks his due,
Unheard, he threats the heart with pain.

Had ſad diſaſter ne'er enſnar'd
The ſoft, the innocent and young,
The tender muſe had gladly ſpar'd
The little heroes of her ſong.

See'ſt thou the limpid current glide
Beneath yon bridge, my hapleſs theme,
Where brambles fringe its verdant ſide,
And willows tremble o'er the ſtream?

From PETHERTON it takes its name,
From whence two ſmiling infants ſtray'd:
Led by the ſtream they hither came,
And on the flow'ry margin play'd.

Sweet victims! muſt your ſhort-liv'd day
So ſoon extinguiſh in the wave;
And point the ſetting ſun his way,
That glimmer'd o'er your wat'ry grave!

As each by childiſh fancy led,
Cropt the broad daiſies as they ſprung;
Lay ſtretch'd along the verdant bed,
And ſweetly ply'd the liſping tongue;

Lo! from the ſpray-deſerted ſteep,
Where either way the twigs divide,
The one roll'd headlong to the deep,
And plung'd beneath the cloſing tide.

The other ſaw, and from the land,
(While nature imag'd ſtrange diſtreſs)
Stretch'd o'er the brink his little hand,
The fruitleſs ſignal of redreſs.

The offer'd pledge, without delay,
The ſtrugling victim roſe and caught;
But ah! in vain—their fatal way,
They both deſcended ſwift as thought.

Short was the wave-oppreſſing ſpace;
Convuls'd with pains too ſharp to bear,
Their lives diſſolv'd in one embrace;
Their mingled ſouls flew up in air.

Lo! there yon time-worn ſculpture ſhews
The ſad the melancholy truth;
What pangs the tortur'd parent knows,
What ſnares await defenceleſs youth.

Here, not to ſympathy unknown,
Full oft the ſad muſe wand'ring near,
Bends ſilent o'er the moſſy ſtone,
And wets it with a willing tear.

The Cloſe of the TWO ARMIES,

In the Firſt Book of FINGAL,

VERSIFIED.

AS when autumnal ſkies diſcharge the ſhow'r,
From either hills the guſhing torrents pour;
So rag'd the hoſts—and terrible to view,
With front to front the nodding ſquadrons drew!
As two impetuous ſtreams enlarg'd with rains,
Burſt from ſome ſteep, and mingle on the plains;
So rough and loud on direful ſlaughter ſet,
ERIN's tall ſons and hardy LOCHLIN met.
Chief ſtrove with chief, with heroes heroes vie;
Steel ſounds on ſteel, and helms are cleft on high.
Life's crimſon torrent foams upon the ground;
From quiv'ring bows the leaping arrows bound;

Spears,

Spears, ruſhing into air, like meteors fly,
With glowing vengeance thro' the yielding ſky.

As wak'd by tempeſts ocean roars around,
Or Heav'ns dread thunder ſhakes the world with ſound;
Not with leſs noiſe the mingling fight began,
And dauntleſs ardors flew from man to man.
Could CORMAC's hundred bards their ſtrains prolong,
Each lift his voice, and give to fame the ſong;
Yet vain the ſound, and fruitleſs were the breath
To count the endleſs ravages of death.
For hoſts unnumber'd ſhed their vital blood,
And wide and dreadful roll'd the crimſon flood.

O touch, ye bards, the ſympathizing ſtrain,
For brave SITHALLIN ſtretch'd upon the plain.
Convey, ye winds, FIONA's virgin ſighs,
O'er the dark heath where ARDAN's tow'rs ariſe.
Peaceful as hinds, lo! both reſign'd their breath,
As SWARAN quench'd their mutual loves in death.

When fir'd with rage he hail'd the growing fight,
As howls the ſtorm on GORMAL's tow'ring height;
As ſmiles ſome ghoſt upon the wint'ry ſhore,
When the pale ſailor ſinks to ſwim no more.

Nor could inglorious ſleep thy hand beguile,
* Puiſſant monarch of the miſty iſle;
In floods of gore thy thirſty ſword was drown'd,
And hoſtile heroes bath'd th' inſanguin'd ground.
Reſiſtleſs flew thy ſword; as when from high,
Beneath Heav'ns awful bolts the people die:
Thro' the lone vale, when ruin marks the ground,
And hills in ſulph'ry vengeance burn around—
† DRUSONNAL ſnorted on the heaps of ſlain,
† SIFADDA's hoof was purpled on the plain;
Breathleſs behind their feet whole armies lay,
As CROMLA's proſtrate groves are torn away;

* Cuchullin. † Two of Cuchullin's horſes.

When

When wrathful ghoſts of night's terrific reign,
Graſp their tall heads, and ſtrew them round the plain.

Diſaſtrous maid! on ORKNEY's rocky ſhore,
Weep to the tempeſt, to the winds deplore.
O'er the wide waves, ſad nymph, lament aloud,
Fair as the noon-tide phantom of a cloud.
See, cold in death, by SEMO's hand recline
The lover, hero, friend, no longer thine!
No more ſhall valour clap her faithleſs wings,
And give his beauties to the ſword of kings;
For low in duſt the blooming victim lies,
And endleſs ſlumbers ſeal his heavy eyes.
See, on yon cloud his dogs their maſter find,
Purſue in vain, and howl at empty wind!
His ſlacken'd bow hangs uſeleſs on the wall,
No heaths are echoing to the hunters call.

The PARLEY with SICKNESS.

A TALE.

Nam pro jucundis aptiſſima quæque dabunt Dii
Charior eſt illis homo quam ſibi Juv.

SILENT I ſat revolving o'er,
An heap of old poetic lore,
By want condemn'd to write;
When lo! a ſpectre, haggard, pale,
As ever liv'd in old wives tale,
Approach'd my wond'ring ſight.

I ſhook and ſtar'd — "Pray, friend he cries,
Let not my viſit give ſurprize,
Compoſe thy needleſs fears;

We

We ſhall be better known in time;
When health's robuſt and roſy prime,
Yields to the weight of years.

My name is SICKNESS—this the hour,
To make thee feel that ſov'reign pow'r,
Which all mankind muſt own;
To teach thee that frail life contains,
No laſting bliſs exempt from pains,
No joy without a groan."

With quiv'ring lip and heart-felt ſigh,
I heard him out—" Ah friend," cry'd I,
" Pray call another time.
My work at preſent is intenſe;
My lab'ring brain is rack'd for ſenſe,
My aching head for rhyme."

" The

" The more my need," the phantom ſaid,
" To drive thoſe megrims from thy head;
For rhyme and I are foes."
" True," anſwer'd I, " but pray attend,
And calmly hear me to the end,
More arguments diſcloſe.

With ſtudy I am lean and pale;
Go triumph o'er the plump and hale,
More honour ſhalt thou gain;
Beſides, my friend, and what is worſe,
My ſtrait affairs and empty purſe,
Cannot the war ſuſtain.

But, not to make the matter long,
Come when I'm wealthy, plump and ſtrong;
Then ſhalt thou play thy part"—

He

He ſtudied long—at length he cry'd,
" Come then we'll thus the cauſe decide;
I'll ſtay with all my heart.

You know the bargain—what and where,
When you are healthy, rich and fair—
Remember what you ſay;
Your proſp'rous fate I'll ſoon purſue;
So for the preſent, friend, adieu."
He ſaid—and limp'd away.

" Adieu to thee—perhaps for ever—
Shrewd ſhould he be, well-learn'd, and clever,
That meddles with edge-tools.
' When I am fair'—a likely thought!
' When I am rich'—go, filly doat,
And learn to bugbear fools."

Now

Now who had murmur'd at his fate,
That held a large and ſole eſtate
On this dependent charter?
For where the muſes haunt the brain,
There poverty, with meagre train,
Is ſeldom found a ſtarter.

Well, as it was, for many a year,
No doubt had I, ſurmiſe, or fear;
Poor, meager as church mouſe.
From fancy my tormenter fled;
Nor once in thought uprear'd his head,
Within my empty houſe.

Ah!—with what face can I rehearſe
A change, that with no ſon of verſe
Can ever credit gain;

As well I might expect to find,
An inſpiration in each wind,
An epic in each brain.

For I, at length, grew rich and great;
Pale want ſuſtain'd a full defeat;
Each ſenſe of hunger fled;
Wealth came unſought on fortune's wing
For no ſuch PALLAS's could ſpring
From my infertile head.

A rich old miſer, in a whim,
Bequeath'd to death each palſied limb,
To me each large eſtate.
Soon turtle, ven'ſon, and all that,
Made me as plump, as ſmooth and fat,
As any MAYOR of ſtate.

And as one night with careful eye,
To let tand leaſe, not verſify,
I penn'd the cautious paper;
Again my quondam friend appears,
And turn'd my face with pining fears
Blue as the fading taper.

" And haſt thou found me, O my foe?
Punctual thy viſits to beſtow,
Thou cruel dun," I cry'd,
" Cruel?" ſay'd he—" If I'm unjuſt,
To thy own memory I'll truſt,
By which thou ſhalt abide."

" Mem'ry?" cry'd I—why harkee friend,
On thy own judgment I'll depend,
As thou art Heav'ns own ſcourge;

Conſult

Conſult the bible; there thou'lt find,
Only where ſin has cloy'd the mind,
Comes Sickneſs as a purge.

And wou'dſt thou violate the laws
Of ſov'reign Heav'n, meerly becauſe
I out of fear conſented?
Had Providence been in thy place,
E'en he had dropt th' unworthy caſe,
And candidly relented.

What crime woud'ſt thou torment me for?
At firſt, becauſe my ſtate was poor;
And now becauſe I'm wealthy?
If Heav'n for ends unknown to us,
Is pleas'd to conſtitute me thus,
Muſt I be thence unhealthy?

To ſay you're ſent by Heav'n, forbear;
For ſure no miniſters are there,
To bribe the ear of kings;
No magna charta of an hour,
Star-chambers with no unjuſt power;
Hence dart their ſcorpion ſtings.

I therefore ſue to Heav'ns own laws,
DUNNING ſhall vindicate my cauſe;
DUNNING, whoſe pow'rful breath
Can the wild rage of fiends controul;
And even plant a feeling ſoul,
In cold relentleſs death.

At this, the ghoſt with looks profound,
And wan eyes fixt upon the ground
Long ſtood—at length he cries:

" So,

" So, by your ſage ſophiſtic rules,
In common with deluded fools
I'm jockey'd of my prize."

" Not ſo" cry'd I, " and here, O Sickneſs!
I ſwear, by this hand's fleſhy thickneſs,
To give remonſtrance o'er.
And when I'm ſinful, and deſerve
The laſh of laws, which now I ſerve,
I'll never balk thee more."

" Well, well," ſaid he " once more I go
But deem me not a lawleſs foe,
If ſoon again I call.
" No, no," cry'd I, with looks of glee,
And ſcornful ſneer of victory,
" I fear no future fall."

The

The mind of man who truly knows?
What curious microſcopes diſcloſe
The embrios of his care?
What ſeeds of guilt his wants may foil,
That only need a richer ſoil
To germinate in air.

This was my caſe—pamper'd and full,
E'en virtue taſteleſs grew and dull;
My vices drew me o'er;
For ſure, ſaid I, one darling ſin,
Should old friend bare-bones yet ſtep in,
Is worth of pains a ſcore.

You'll credit me, ye ſons of ſtate,
If I with certainty relate,
A full month was not paſt

E'er

E'er once again old Care appear'd;
Struck with remorſe, no more I ſtirr'd,
But to propoſe my laſt.

My purſe I offer'd, but in vain;
No gold he cry'd ſhall eaſe thy pain;
Now feel my heavieſt blow.
Now ſhall my phyſic ſearch each pore,
Till thou art meager as before;
He ſaid—and laid me low.

LACTAREA;

Or, the FORSAKEN DAMSEL.

A MODERN BUCOLIC.

THE ſetting ſun his languid beams withdrew,
And duſky ev'ning dim'd the ſylvan view,
When ſad LACTAREA left her houſhold care,
To breathe her ſorrows to the ſighing air.
'Twas ſhe, with whom no other nymph could vie,
For ruddy arms, big voice, and ſtaring eye;
But love, unpitying as the dung-hill ſnake,
Had ſtung her breaſt, and caus'd her heart to ake.
Now ſeated on a bank with moſs beſpread,
An oak the rude ſupporter of her head;

Her

Her lips ſhe mov'd as new ſkim-cheeſes pale,
And thus in ſighs began the rueful tale.

Unlucky day! tho' deck'd with ſun-beams bright,
When firſt GLEBARIO met my roving ſight!
Unlucky I, however bright the day,
To let the ſwain my virgin heart betray.
But ah! alike my fates and will conſpire
To kindle love, and fan the ſubtle fire.

Canſt thou, GLEBARIO, from thy love depart?
Can my fond looks be ſtrangers to thy heart?
E'en wake-day ſkies, and morning's fiery hue,
And dog-day thunders are more kind than you.

When firſt we met what ſolemn vows you ſwore,
(But now your meetings and your vows are o'er!)

As cloſe we ſat beneath the new-rick'd hay,
When the low ſun had chac'd the ſwains away;
The ſecret bottle from the cock I drew,
The right of many a throat reſerv'd for you.
As round my neck your eager arms you laid,
And ſounding kiſſes each large draught repaid,
You ſwore, that e'er LACTARIA you would ſlight,
The ſun ſhould ſink beneath the ſhades of night;
The new-rick'd hay be ſeen to ſmoke on high,
And the ſtout bottle drain'd for ever dry.
Then call'd a kiſs, to witneſs what you ſwore,
Ah! the dear witneſs meets my lips no more!

When midnight ſleep, the weary peaſant's glee,
Had bleſt the beds of all but you and me,
Oft have I, fearleſs of the ghoſtly dark,
Sat on your knee and watch'd the dying ſpark,

While

While tender tales my virgin heart did move,
And crickets ſung quaint ditties to our love.
And when ſoft ſlumbers did my eyes incline,
Sweet were my dreams, for ah! thoſe dreams were thine!
The empty viſions told thy kiſſes o'er,
And mimick'd joys that glad my heart no more.

What time the dairy ſpoke my morning care,
My gentle ſwain, with all his ſmiles was there;
The cumbrous preſs his ready hand would ply,
And bear the whey-tub to the diſtant ſty;
But now, regardleſs as th' unfeeling ſtone,
Diſtant he ſits, and ſups his broth alone;
Fondly I meet him with an eager ſigh,
Wayward he looks, and turns away his eye.

When from the kine I ſtroak'd the milky rill,
My ſwain was there, and each in turn ſtood ſtill;

Then not a foot would gentle COLLEY move,
And VI'LET liſten'd to our tales of love.
But now, affrighted at my woe-worn eye,
From hedge to hedge, from field to field they fly;
With tedious ſtep I follow and deplore
My faithleſs love, but ah! my love no more.

Yet, ſay, how oft tho' fruitleſs did I ſtrive,
To keep the gentle flame of love alive?
How oft deluded by love's fairy-dream,
Have I enrich'd thy meſs of broth with cream;
Of every cheeſe I ſtill reſerv'd a taſte,
And the moiſt curds beneath the ſkim diſh plac'd;
Oft my fond heart did on thy labours earn,
And oft I ſlipt thee cyder in the barn;
Full ſore, alas! my pitying eyes it hurt,
To ſee thy ſkin peep thro' thy tatter'd ſhirt:

My

My ſkilful hand the ready piece apply'd,
Mine own the cloth, mine own the thread beſide.
Why ſhall I all my gen'rous deeds review,
How to the tale I added one anew;
How for thy uſe I ſpar'd th' intended ſmock,
Or loſt a cap, by making thee a ſtock?—
Nor canſt thou think that we in gifts are even,
With one poor ribban at the may-pole given?
The knot I wore—but yet, on ſecond thought,
The tawdry thing for ANCILIS was bought;
Tho' no ſuch rumour o'er the village flies,
Yet ſure and certain is the ſad ſurmiſe.
But ſay, will ſhe thus with thy wants comply?
Will the ſour thing be ſuch a fool as I?
Will ſhe afford a warmer ſhare of bliſs,
Or ſtand more quiet for the coming kiſs?
Then why ſhould all thy dear-bought ſmiles be o'er,
And poor LACTAREA be careſs'd no more?—

But

But who ſo blythe in yonder mead appear,
In joys to bliſsful lovers ever dear?
See, how they kiſs beneath the walnut tree!
Heav'n—earth—and ſeas—'tis ANCILIS and he.—
The perjur'd ſwain, and late my ſole delight,—
Eyes, do ye ſee?—heart, can'ſt thou bear the ſight?
Here then I ceaſe the lover to deplore,
And mourn the falſe perfidious wretch no more.

Ye frogs! that croak around the duſky ſhade,
Hear the ſad wailing of an injur'd maid!
Say ſhall this heart be any more beguil'd?
No—the ſad bier ſhall bear me undefil'd.
No flatt'ring ſwain allure me as before,
And beard of man ſhall touch theſe lips no more.

Here ceas'd the nymph—tears ſeal'd the fixt decree,
While liſt'ning ſhadows ſat on ev'ry tree.

By

By chance young CLODIO did the path purſue,
And ſaw her tears out ſtrip the falling dew;
With pity touch'd the tender ſwain drew nigh,
Kiſs'd thoſe wan lips, and wip'd thoſe eye-lids dry.
Then ſeiz'd her hand and o'er the meadow ſped;
The nymph faſt following as the ſhepherd led.
Well-pleas'd another ANCILIS to be,
Another perjur'd falſe CLEDARIO hea

The DESPAIRING MUSICIAN.

AN ODE.

Ut queat laxis reſonare fibris.

I.

UNABLE to *deſcant* in *tunable* rhyme,
My ſpirits *unſtrung*, and my pulſe out of *time*;
Of no *crotchet* of *note* my *ſlow* heart is poſſeſt,
Each jollity *pauſes*, each fancy's at *reſt*.

II.

Un*natural* fate, too *diſcordant* by far,
On all my gay *leſſons* has *doubled* the *bar*;
Still *ſharply repeats* it, denies me repoſe,
And *ſturs* all my *meaſures*, and *varies* my woes.

When

III.

When I bid her *move ſlow*, then ſhe *jigs* it away,
And *baſely* acts *counter* to all I can ſay;
While raging I *ſhake* with a *treble* vexation,
And A-MI is the *tenor* of each lamentation.

IV.

My ideas turn'd *grave dance* in *concert* no more
Or *beat* to thoſe *movements* no *time* can reſtore;
Yon *cliff* will I *ſcale* that o'erlooks the *flat* plain,
Where a ſtrong *chord* ſhall end me, and with the *firſt ſtrain*.

III.

DIDO to ÆNEAS.

Translated from Ovid's Epiſtles.

THUS where MEANDER laves the ſedgy plain,
Reclines the ſwan, and tunes her dying ſtrain.
Not that I ſue thy ruthleſs heart to bend,
Or mention vows no deities befriend;
But, ſurely, from my heart weak lines may ſtray,
Since virtue, fame, and honour lead the way.
Still fixt to wander from your widow'd love,
While the ſame winds your faith and ſails remove;
Fixt to explore ITALIA's diſtant throne,
A fabled kingdom, in a realm unknown.
Not all my offers can your flight reſtrain,
Since empire ſues, and love implores in vain.

Say,

Say, were it wiſe my finiſhed walls to ſhun,
And rove the world for cities unbegun?
Yet, there, what ſtate to ſtrangers will incline,
What paſſive prince his legal throne reſign?
Tho' ſure, your tale might other DIDO's move,
To pity, ſoften, and beguile to love,
When ſhall your walls the height of CARTHAGE know,
And thronging ſubjects crowd the ſtreets below?
But tho' in empire, wealth, and arms you ſhine,
When ſhall you triumph o'er a love like mine?
I burn, I burn, involv'd in fierce deſire,
Nor ſacred altars flame with brighter fire.
Awake, my prince ſtill meets my doating ſight,
Aſleep, he fills the guileful dream of night.
Yet, may that object quit my ideot ſoul,
No love can charm, no ſenſe of pow'r controul!

No vengeance, as he thinks, my treacherous aim,
I ſeek to crown him with a brighter flame.
Then, Cupid, ſtrive thy ſiſter to redreſs,
And to thy purple plains thy brother preſs;
Reward my paſſion, or the cauſe remove,
Chill me with hate, or warm him into love.

Deceiv'd, alas! the guile I bluſh to own,
No VENUS form'd a breaſt to love unknown;
Thee, rocks, or oaks, or deſert mountains bore,
Thee, ſavage monſters from their entrails tore.
Or mad'ning ſeas, where ſtormy winter raves,
And dares thy fleet t'invade their riſing waves.
Vain thought! ſee where the looſen'd tempeſt flies,
And heaves wild oceans into diſtant ſkies!
Thoſe gentler ſtorms your treach'rous ſails detain,
And grant the pity you deny in vain.

Too raſh thy anger, and too wild thy hate,
To ſhun theſe arms, and ruſh on certain fate;
Soon would the winds be huſh'd, the waves ſubſide,
And azure Tritons ſkim the peaceful tide.
O may thy purpoſe with the ſtorms remove,
And thy rough ſoul be calmly ſooth'd to love.

What? can'ſt thou ſtill the treach'rous main explore,
And truſt thoſe waves ſo deeply felt before?
If when you ſail th' illuſive billows ſleep,
Yet broods deſtruction on the ſmootheſt deep;
Seas puniſh thoſe who ſacred faith betray,
And all their dangers broken vows repay.
But ſince CYTHERIAN waves fair VENUS bore,
Sure injured love demands a double ſcore.

Still, darling traytor! ſtill I fear thee loſt,
Wreck'd on wild waves, on frantic oceans toſt;

Yet

Yet, live more loft to me than vital breath,
Yet rather live, and cauſe a lover's death.

Vain be the thought! but ſhould thoſe waves purſue
Your guilty fleet with wreck ſo juſtly due;
What dire reflections in your breaſt muſt riſe,
When injur'd DIDO flits before your eyes!
Points to the wounds her mangled boſom bore,
And ſhakes her treſſes ſtiff with clotted gore!
Then will you own your guilt, with faultering breath,
And judge each thunder deſtin'd for your death.
O for propitious gales your flight delay,
And, know, your life demands a longer ſtay;
Nor DIDO only aſks it, but your ſon;
Ah wretch! content thee with the death of one.
O ſay, what crimes your gods and ſon retain,
Why ſnatch'd from flames to periſh in the main?

But

But ſnatch'd not as thy guileful tale expreſst,
No feeble ſire thy impious ſhoulders preſt;
Nor did thy tongue firſt teach me to complain,
Nor I alone have borne thy fierce diſdain.
Inquire no more where loſt CREUSA ſtray'd,
By GREEKS o'ertaken, by her lord betray'd.
Her hapleſs fate awak'ning my diſtreſs,
Adds to my crime, but makes your guilt the leſs.
Sure the indignant gods avenge your crimes,
Wreckt, for ſev'n winters, in uncertain climes.
I heard thy name—my friendly ports were thine;
I ſaw thee—and my crown nor heart were mine.
Here had I ſtopt, here quencht my riſing ſhame,
Still had my bed lain ſpotleſs as my fame.
Curſt be the ſhow'ry day, by fates deſign'd,
That to the cave our guilty ſteps inclin'd!
No Dryads, as I thought, with pious breath
Hail'd our embrace, but Furies tongu'd by Death.

Come,

Come, injured chaſtity, my guilt purſue,
Give to my lord his victim juſtly due.

Deckt, in my ſhrine, with beauties like his own,
There ſtands my lord, and ſeems to breathe in ſtone.
His poliſht limbs ambroſial garlands grace,
And ſnowy fleeces ſhroud his comely face.
Here, thrice I heard the warning ſtatue ſay,
In dying ſounds, *Eliza, come away!*
Yes, at thy call I come, dear injur'd name—
I come—but loaded with reluctant ſhame.
O ſpare my crime, on his perfidious head
May the ſad burden of my guilt be laid!
Far-fam'd for piety, and goddeſs-ſprung,
My ſpouſe I thought him, and believ'd his tongue:
His faith I credited, thoſe honeſt views
No mang'led conſcience riſes to accuſe.

What

What ſeas of former woe my ſoul o'erſpread!
What new-born ſorrows mark me for the dead!
The altar drank my lord's untimely blood,
A brother triumph'd o'er the wealthy flood;
Thence, wing'd with fears, I ſecretly withdrew,
And from purſuing fleets thro' dangers flew.
Here ſafe arriv'd, to ſtrangers I complain'd,
Here bought the ſtate your perfidy diſdain'd.
Here CARTHAGE built, and bade her bulwarks riſe,
The hate of kings, the terror of their eyes.
Wars rage, I helpleſs dare their rude alarms,
Scarce yet defended or by gates or arms.
Thy envied fate, now troops of rivals name
Each threat'ning vengeance for his ſlighted flame.
And ſhall IARBAS ſeize thoſe haughty charms,
You baſely ſcorning my deſerted arms?
My brother too, whoſe ſword in dark deſign,
Bath'd in my conſort's blood, will thirſt for mine.

O quit the Gods thy impious hands pollute,
Nor Gods, nor rites reward a traytor's ſuit;
Thy impious fallacy with pain they ſee,
And bluſh to owe their hapleſs flight to thee.

Still greater ills my fault'ring tongue reveals;
Lo! growing ſhame my pregnant womb conceals!
That too muſt fall a victim to your ſcorn,
O vile deſtroyer of a babe unborn!
This young JULUS muſt reſign his breath,
And ſink with DIDO to the ſhades of death!
But 'tis a God enjoyns thy ſudden flight,
O had he kept thee from my doating ſight;
Still bade thy fleet each wintry clime explore,
Toſs'd on wild waves, and wreckt from ſhore to ſhore.
From ſuch diſaſt'rous ſcenes, ſay, what your gain,
Did TROY yet ſtand and HECTOR ſtill remain?

But

But more than SIMOIS TYBER's ſands invite,
On foreign lands to feaſt your abject ſight;
That happy ſhore ſtill flies as you purſue,
Thoſe verdures ſcarce your lateſt eyes ſhall view.
Then take my dow'r, and all thy toils reſign,
My ſtate, my people, and my wealth are thine.
Back to acclaiming TYRE proud ILION bring,
Here reign a happy, rich, and potent king:
Here may your proweſs aim the ſhafts of war,
And here ASCANIUS mount the trophy'd car.
Here ſcenes abound your heroes to employ,
Here peace may populate, here wars deſtroy.
O by fair VENUS, by your brothers bow,
O by the Gods, companions of your woe;
(So may your people ſafe thro' life deſcend,
So may alike your wars, and perils end;
So your young hero be with triumph bleſt,
And your ſires bones ſleep in eternal reſt.)

Spare my ſad empire! and my gifts approve;
Ah! wretch, to think it ſuch a crime to love!
No GRECIAN race is mine, no ſire I own,
That warr'd with TROY, and bade her bulwarks groan;
But yet, if ſuch a ſpouſe excite your ſhame,
Let me be thine, and bare a baſer name.
I know on AFRIC ſhelves where dangers lie,
When ſeaſons grant a paſſage, when deny;
But now, in all their fury, billows rave,
And ſcatter'd ſea-weeds ride the reſtleſs wave.
O truſt your love to point a ſafer way,
Then ſhall you paſs it, tho' you ſue to ſtay!
Your harraſs'd troops ſome further reſt deſire,
Your wave-worn barks the ſhip-wrights aid require.
O, by my wiſhes yet thy flight forbear,
My nuptial hopes, my heart's diſtracting care!
'Till yet the thund'ring waves their rage compoſe,
'Till yet my boſom heaves with gentler throws!

If not, this guſt of life ſhall ſoon blow o'er,
And your ſtern hate indulge its reign no more.

Come, view my fall in more than words expreſs'd,
See, thy own ſword ſtands naked to my breaſt!
O'er the keen blade diſtils a briny flood,
Firſt waſh'd by tears, and then to bathe in blood.
How well thy preſent ſuits my wretched fate,
An eaſy gift, an obſequy of ſtate.
Late bled my heart beneath the PAPHIAN boy,
But now where love has torn, ſhall death deſtroy:
Ann, ſiſter Ann, too conſcious of my woe,
O'er my ſad urn thy pious gifts beſtow;
Yet, grave not on my tomb SICHÆUS' name,
But let this title ſpeak the author's ſhame.
The fatal ſword the falſe ÆNEAS *gave,*
And injur'd DIDO *made her breaſt it's grave.*

An EPISTLE

FROM AN

UNFORTUNATE GENTLEMAN

TO A

YOUNG LADY.*

THESE, the laſt lines my trembling hands can write,
Theſe words, the laſt my dying lips recite,
Read, and repent that your unkindneſs gave
A wretched lover an untimely grave!
Sunk by deſpair from life's enchanting view,
Loſt, ever loſt to happineſs and you!—
No more theſe eye-lids ſhow'r inceſſant tears,
No more my ſpirit ſinks with boding fears;

* Occaſioned by a cataſtrophe well known in the Weſt.

No more your frowns my ſuing paſſion meet,
No more I fall ſubmiſſive at your feet:
With fruitleſs love this heart ſhall ceaſe to burn,
Life's empty dream ſhall never-more return.
Think not, that lab'ring to ſubdue your hate,
My artful ſoul forebodes a fancied fate;
For e'er yon ſun deſcends his weſtern way,
Cold ſhall I lie, a lifeleſs lump of clay!

Tir'd of my long encounters with diſdain,
Peaceful my pulſe, and ebbing from its pain;
Each vital movement ſinking to decay,
And my ſpent ſoul juſt languiſhing away;
E'er my laſt breath yet hovers to depart,
I prompt my hand to pour out all my heart.
The hand, oft rais'd compaſſion to implore;
The heart, that burns with ſlighted fires no more!

Relentleſs nymph! of nature's faireſt frame,
Unpitying ſoul, and woman but in name;
Angelic bloom the coldeſt heart to win,
Without, allurement, but diſdain within;
Regard the ſounds which ſeal my parting breath
E'er the vain murmurs ſhall be huſh'd in death.
Let pity view what love diſdain'd to ſave,
And mourn a wretch ſent headlong to the grave.

Profuſe of all an anxious lover's care,
To urge his ſuit, and win the liſt'ning fair;
Try'd ev'ry purpoſe to relieve my woe,
My ſoul chides not, for innocent I go;
Save when ſoft pity bids my gentler mind
Shrink at your fate, and drop a tear behind.

How oft and fruitleſs have I ſtrove to move
Unfeeling beauty with the pangs of love;

As roſe your breaſt with captivating grace,
And heighten'd charms flew bluſhing to your face;
Inſulting charms! that gave a fiercer wound,
Fond as I lay, and proſtrate on the ground.
Heav'ns! with what ſcorn you ſtrove my ſuit to meet,
Frown'd with your eyes, and ſpurn'd me with your feet!
To bleeding love ſuch hard returns you gave,
As barb'rous rocks that daſh the preſſing wave.
O could your looks have turn'd my hapleſs fate,
And frown'd my ſhorrt-liv'd paſſion into hate;
Then had no ſcatt'ring breeze my ſorrows known,
Nor vale reſponſive had prolong'd the moan;
Then had thoſe lips ne'er learnt their woeful tale,
Nor death yet cloath'd them in eternal pale.

Oft to the woods in frantic rage I flew
To cool my boſom with the falling dew;

Oft in ſad accents ſigh'd each prompting ill,
And taught wild oaks to pity and to feel;
Till with deſpair my heart rekindled burns,
And all the anguiſh of my ſoul returns.

Then reſtleſs to the fragrant meads I hie,
Death in my face, diſtraction in my eye;
There as reclin'd along the verdant plain,
My grief renews her heart-wrung ſtrains again,
Lo! pitying Phœbus ſinks, with ſorrow pale,
And mournful night deſcends upon the tale!

When tir'd, at length, my wrongs no more complain,
And ſighs are ſtifled in obtuſer pain;
When the deep fountains of my eyes are ſpent,
And fiercer anguiſh ſinks to diſcontent;
Slow I return, and proſtrate on my bed
Bid the ſoft pillow lull my heavy head.

But

But oh! when downy ſleep its court renews,
And ſhades the ſoul with viſionary views,
Illuſive dreams to fan my ſlumb'ring fire,
And wake the fever of intenſe deſire,
Preſent your ſofter image to my ſight,
All warm with ſmiles, and glowing with delight;
Gods! with what bliſs I view thy darling charms,
And ſtrive to claſp thee melting in my arms!—
But ah! the ſhade my empty graſp deceives;
And as it flits, and my fond ſoul bereaves,
The tranſient ſlumbers ſlip their airy chain,
And give me back to all my woes again:
There wrapt in floods of grief I ſigh forlorn,
The conſtant greetings of unwelcome morn.
But ſhould oblivion reaſſume her ſway,
And ſlumbers once more ſteal my woes away;
When the ſhort flights of fancy intervene,
Your much-lov'd image fills out every ſcene.

But now no more ſoft ſmiles your face adorn,
Lo! o'er each feature broods deſtructive ſcorn.
Suppliant in tears I urge my ſuit again,
Sullen you ſtand, and view me with diſdain;
Your ears exclude the ſtory of my ſmart,
Your baleful eyes dart anguiſh to my heart.
I wake—glad nature hails returning day,
And the wild ſongſters chant their mattin-lay;
The ſun in glory mounts the cryſtal ſky,
And all creation is in ſmiles but I.
Then, ſink in death, my ſenſes!—for in vain
You ſtrive to quench the phrenzy of your pain;
Break, break, fond heart!—her hate thou can'ſt not tame,
Then take this certain triumph o'er thy flame.
'Tis done!—the dread of future wrongs is paſt—
Lo! brittle paſſion verges to its laſt!
'Tis done!—vain life's illuſive ſcenes are o'er—
Diſdainful beauty ſhakes her chains no more.

Come,

Come, peaceful gloom, expand thy downy breaſt,
And ſoothe, O ſoothe me to eternal reſt!
There huſh my plaints, and gently lull my woes,
Where one ſtill ſtream of dull oblivion flows.
No lab'ring breaſt there heaves with torture's throws,
No heart conſumes her daily hoard of woes;
No dreams of former pain the ſoul invade,
Calmly ſhe ſleeps, a ſad unthinking ſhade!

But e'er from thought my ſtrug'ling ſoul is free,
One lateſt tear ſhe dedicates to thee.
She views thee on the brink of vain deſpair,
Beat thy big breaſt, and rend thy flowing hair.
Feels tort'ring love her ſable deluge roll,
Weigh down thy ſenſes, and o'erbear thy ſoul.
In vain your heart relents, in vain you weep,
No lover wakes from his eternal ſleep.

Alas!

Alas! I ſee thy frantic ſpirit rave,
And thy laſt breath expiring on my grave.
Is this the fortune of thoſe high-priz'd charms?
Ah! ſpare them for ſome worthier lover's arms.
And may theſe bodings ne'er with truth agree,
May grief and anguiſh be unknown to thee.
May bitter mem'ry n'er recount with pain,
That e'er you frown'd, or I admir'd in vain.

No more—my ſpirit is prepar'd to fly,
Suppreſs'd my voice, and ſtiffen'd is my eye.
Death's ſwimming ſhadows intercept my view,
Vain world, and thou relentleſs nymph, adieu!

An EPISTLE

To Mr. COOKESLEY, Surgeon, &c. Aſhburton.

———(mirum) medio dum labitur amne,
Flebile neſcio quid queritur lyra ———

OVID.

HARMONIOUS COOKESLEY! while in penſive mood
I mourn the fatal cruſh of brittle wood;
Whether your needful hand reſtore the ſick,
Or o'er th' unbroken Fiddle croſs the Stick!
Ah! let thy friendly ſympathy condole,
A ſtroke that ſent harſh diſcord to my ſoul;
Rude as the blaſt the northern tempeſt blows,
And unrelenting as the freezing ſnows.

Ah

Ah me! what peril muſt the trav'ler know,
Whoſe coat contains a Fiddle and a Bow!
Beneath no leſs diſaſter ſhall he groan,
Than he whoſe touch could charm an heart of ſtone;
Whoſe martyr'd lyre upon the THRACIAN ſhore,
Sung ſwan-like of the fatal ills it bore.

Thrice bleſt the clown, whom lowlier joys inſpire
With graceful hand to trill the HEBREW lyre;
He free from perils of the frailer ſtrings,
What PAN and MOMUS dictate ſafely ſings.
But when my wrongs call forth the willing tear,
What ſon of cat-gut but ſhall melt to hear?
Each yielding Bow ſhall ſlacken in affright,
And unform'd Fiddles rue the fatal night.

High on yon' hill, where howling tempeſts blow,
And ice lurks ambuſh'd in diſſembling ſnow;

O'er

O'er the ſmooth ſurface heedleſs as I paſs'd,
And felt no torture but the ſcalping blaſt,
Sudden I ſlipt—my treach'rous feet gave way—
Prone on the batt'ring ground my carcaſs lay.
There as I wallow'd on the chryſtal plain,
Cruſh'd was the little hero of the ſtrain!
One laſt long note came from the ſlack'ning ſtrings,
Diſcord rejoic'd, and clapp'd her ſooty wings;
'Till ſick'ning with his wounds as ſhe deſir'd;
He groan'd one ſad A-MI, and in a Cloſe expir'd!

What words can paint the anguiſh that I bore!
By turns I curs'd, I pray'd, I wept, I ſwore;
My earneſt ſuit to ſetting PHOEBUS made,
And crav'd ſwift vengeance thro' the duſky ſhade;
In juſtice to the mangler of his lyre,
To dart one beam, and melt it into mire.

Propt on my hand, harmonious now no more,
I view the fragments ſcatter'd round my floor.
And while my tongue, by real grief poſſeſs'd,
Sues for its tale a manſion in thy breaſt,
APOLLO tweaks my ear—the plot unriddles—
And bids me grieve no more, for *all mankind are fiddles.*

A SONG.

YE ſcenes that engag'd my gay youth,
Say, whither ſo faſt do ye fly?
If the leſſon you told me was truth,
Ah! why do ye fade from my eye?

That meadow where often I ſtray'd,
That bank, and yon' ſhadowy tree,
Thoſe ſtreams, with ſuch fondneſs ſurvey'd,
Have hid all their ſweetneſs from me.

Yon' hill that uprears his ſmooth head,
Where the wild-thyme its fragrance beſtows,
Whoſe verdures have roſe for my bed,
And whoſe breezes have ſigh'd my repoſe,

What tho' from his ſummit ſo high,
Flock, cottage, and woodland are ſeen;
Yet no more I with fondneſs deſcry,
For indifference riſes between.

Ah! whither, ye ſweets, do ye fly?
For fancy your abſence muſt mourn;
Ah! ſay, will ye fade from my eye,
And yet will ye never return?

That valley, whoſe mantle ſo gay,
Is with primroſe and cowſlip o'erſpread;
No longer invites me to ſtray,
And rifle the ſweets of their bed.

Not odious at preſent they look;
I diſcern that their colours are bright;
But their charms have my fancy forſooth,
And their fragrance forgot to delight.

To my cooler attention how dear
The ſoothing complaint of the dove!
I have left my companions to hear
The wood-linnet warble her love.

Nor theſe can my footſteps retard;
Or if round me they careleſſly fly,
From mine eyes they attract no regard,
And my ears their ſoft warblings deny.

Ah! ſure 'tis the buſ'neſs of life,
That bids thoſe endearments depart;
To involve us in cares and in ſtriſe,
That eſtrange and entangle the heart.

With deſtiny all muſt comply;
Yet cannot my fancy but mourn,
For the ſeaſon that fades from my eye,
And the ſweets that muſt never return.

A SONNET.

A SONNET.

ROXANA, with enraptur'd eyes,
And heart no more my own, I ſaw;
Her cheeks diffus'd the brighteſt dyes,
Her form betray'd no envious flaw.

When abſent, with exceſs I lov'd;
What paſſions on my boſom prey'd!
How ſlow the jealous minutes mov'd,
That kept me from the heav'nly maid!

But ah! ſince cruel fortune gave,
Her cheapen'd graces to my arms,
The padded ſtays no more enſlave;
The painted cheek no longer charms.

No

No more her face is pierleſs deem'd;
No more her ſlave I ſuppliant bow:
And tho' ſhe firſt a goddeſs ſeem'd,
I ſcarcely ſtyle her woman now.

A REMONSTRANCE.

Licet ſuperbus ambules pecuniâ
Fortuna non mutat genus.

HOR.

WHAT's he, that in yon gilded coach elate,
Lolls at his eaſe, and ſwells with empty ſtate?
Whoſe ruffled brow, and ſupercilious eye,
Low'rd with diſdain to ſee me trudging by;
In homely weeds, with heat and labour faint,
A drudge by birth, and pilgrim by reſtraint;
What's he whom ſtation common grace denies,
Too fine for earth, too haughty for the ſkies?

Speak

Speak, recollection, from what goddeſs-dame
This great contractor of his eye-lids came.

Where yonder valley, fluſh'd with paſtures green,
Diſplays its worth, as ſuing to be ſeen;
Where lofty turrets for memento's riſe,
And boaſt their infamy to bluſhing ſkies;
There dwelt a clown, ſome ſixty years ago,
An honeſt wight, as churls and niggards go.
An humble villa then the manſion ſtood,
Hid in an old inhoſpitable wood;
Beneath whoſe roof a ſmall partition roſe,
To ſkreen the cattle's from their lord's repoſe.
A ſurly maſtiff welcom'd from the door,
The ſmooth town-viſiter, and crying poor.
Free to collect, yet frugal to diſburſe,
He knew each virtue of a cloſe-mouth'd purſe;

At fairs and markets vers'd as well as any,
To ſtand three hours contending for a penny;
Would pay his rates, and but a little mumble
At the neceſſitous, and ſwear and grumble;
When ſure to win, would riſk ſome trifling bet,
And, threaten'd with the law, diſcharge a debt.
His pariſh-church would conſtantly frequent,
To dun his tenants in the yard, for rent;
And often in the porch by dint of thought,
Calves, bullocks, ſheep and pigs, full cheap hath bought.
For well he knew, when men were preach'd awake,
Their conſcience at the tend'reſt time to take;
Some other virtues had—to follow gain
By each ſhrew'd purpoſe of a fertile brain;
To treat no friend within his ſober hall,
And ſhut the door of pity upon all;
His griping heart each ſolace to deny,
And in his bargains thought it meet to lie.

Such

Such pious tenets form'd his ſaving creed,
And other faith was hereſy indeed.

A perfect proſelyte his wife—ſhe knew,
How much the farthing as the pound was due.
Corn, butter, bacon, eggs each coming day,
Were caſh to workmen, to the poor were pay.
Great wit ſhe had beyond each ſage of old,
And every moveable could turn to gold.
She, much unlike your modern wives, would ſcorn,
To keep within-doors, ſave at night and morn;
Her ready hand could ſow the yearly field,
Could reap—could mow—and well the flail could wield;
At morn the dairy was her ſoft purſuit,
Then, to lade dung with RALPH, and keep him to't;
No coſtly clothes ſhe wore, no marks of pride,
No printed gown, or mantle Tyrrhene dy'd;

But a firm jacket of her own-ſpun gray,
And leathern bodice were her trim array.
Full many a year ſhe earn'd in ſweat of brow,
Great wealth, by dairy, dung-cart, poor, and plough;
While he at market and at fair would vend,
Her num'rous wares, and none to better end.

At length, oppreſs'd with zeal, too great to tell,
At mammon's ſhrine the greedy matron fell!
One harveſt-day, with griping thoughts o'erborne,
As from the poor ſhe rak'd the ſtraggled corn,
Three weighty ears eſcap'd—which when ſhe 'ſpy'd
In want's pale hand, ſhe ſicken'd—dropt, and dy'd!

Her loſs, for future hoards, her good-man rues,
And full two thouſand lower ſunk his views;
No thought of paſt acquirements gave relief,
At laſt, he ſold her clothes—and ſtopt his grief.

Still

Still fortune ſmil'd upon his growing pelf,
And to fourſcore ſhe lent him to himſelf;
Then the green hillock cloſely wrapt him o'er,
And to dirt gave him—dirt ſo lov'd before.

His want of iſſue ſoon the law repairs,
Skilful as footmen at creating heirs;
A wealthy brother of their rightful tribe,
Produc'd his claim—and ſeal'd it with a bribe;
A potent bribe, not ſuch as barely draws,
A needy Juryman from obvious laws;
But ſuch as in the ſenate once inclin'd,
Old patriot TURBULO to change his mind.

And now the manſion ſoars, of coſtly ſtone;
The hedges fall, the woods of ages grown;
The ſpacious park it's naked viſage ſhews,
And all ARABIA in the garden blows;

Walks,

Walks, fountains, ſtatues from each point are ſeen,
And heroes, puppies, peacocks ſhap'd in green.
But low ambition will in grandeur thrive,
And thirſt for more an affluent change ſurvive.
Patriot and ſenator at once he's grown,
To raiſe his country's fortune in his own.
'Gainſt ſecret influence in the houſe he roars,
And cries down penſions in the groſs, by ſcores.
He knows "promotion comes not weſt nor ſouth,"
And gapes for NORTHERN duſt to ſtop his mouth.
Place, title, penſion now his tongue forſake,
He kindly on himſelf thoſe loads will take;
Will eaſe his country of each *root of evil*,
And dare to vault, like CURTIUS, to the devil.

So great a favour by the parent done,
Enſur'd the ſame reward for this his ſon.

This

This his great ſon! deck'd with diſhonour's plumes,
Who in one infamy his life conſumes.
Who crowds his ſhield with arms unknown to fame,
And copying others greatneſs, boaſts his ſhame—
Know, traitor, that I prize, with thanks to fate,
Rough honeſty, before thy painted ſtate;
Plain virtue, which ſhall one day vice outſhine,
And truth in rags, a diamond from the mine.

An EPISTLE
TO A
YOUNG DEACON,
About to take PRIEST ORDERS.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ut quis
Qui ſupra vulgus ſapiet, ſe ſacra vereri
Agnoſcat, facere et magni qui ſacra miniſtrant.

UMBRITIUS.

DEAR CHARLES! ſince all thy efforts fail,
To ſhun the ſcorn'd, tho' ſacred veil;
Since rigid parents will inſiſt,
That thou ſhalt be but what they liſt;
At once thy prejudice ſubdue,
And tell them thou rever'ſt a pew.

In

In gayer life bid others ſhine,
And look at leaſt a grave divine.

" But ah!" methinks I hear thee ſay,
" Religion is a gloomy way;"
That " ſober life, and conſtant praying,
" Are not ſo ſweet as vicious ſtraying;"
But this is only a pretence,
And ſprings but from thy want of ſenſe.
Thine is in truth a dreadful ſaying—
" Religious life"—and " conſtant praying"—
They're ſcarcely found in reverend lawn;
A lion's not ſo fierce as drawn.
But come, my conſcientious lad!
Such church-yard thoughts will make thee mad.
Come heark to me—I'll give thee rules,
From moderns-wiſe, not antients-fools;

Regard not what old prelates chatter,
But heark to me—I'll help the matter.

We'll firſt ſuppoſe thee *ipſa facie*
In prelates chapel, dying black.
The liturgy the rite begins,
Praiſes for bleſſings—pray'rs for ſins.
Thy conſcience here I don't ſuſpect,
'Tis what thou uſeſt to neglect;
And oft St. MARY haſt thou ſhewn,
That not to her thy pray'rs were known.
Well, ſtick to that—but ſhould the Don,
Thy wholeſome viſage pitch upon,
By feature-ſkill thy powers gueſs on,
And bid thee go and read the leſſon,
Why, do it with ſuch trivial air,
As ſhews thou mind'ſt not three words there.

This

This will preſerve from being caught
In trying zeal, and ſearching thought;
From trembling, leſt an heart ſo ſcurvy
For ſuch high callings be unworthy.

In common caſes this will do,
In ſuch thy common arts purſue;
But when the Prelate ſhall expreſs
With forcive tone and emphaſis
The awful, ſolemn exhortation—
Why, call to mind TOM BROWN's oration.
And oh! leſt ſome revolting ſenſe
Yield to this weighty eloquence,
Summon each guard of ſoul and face
And ſteel thy heart with want of grace.

When thy aſſent to ratify,
The prompting proctor ſtanding by

Preſents the bible to thy lip,
And prays God's help thy oath to keep,
Can'ſt not reflect----I ſhrink to name----,
But bolder thought can words outſhame;
And on ſuch ſecret ſubjects dwell,
As vice would almoſt bluſh to tell.

How great! how ſacred is the rite,
Perform'd in Heav'ns all-ſearching ſight!
In which thou giv'ſt by holieſt ties
Thy ſoul and body to the ſkies!
And pledgeſt Heaven that all thy care,
Shall be Chriſt's harveſt to prepare!
And that to life's remoteſt ſand,
Works walk with doctrine hand in hand!----
I ſay if raſhly thou ſhalt heed,
The vows that ſeal this awful deed,

How conſtantly can vice be ſought,
And thy ſoul ſhrink not at the thought!

When now by laying on of hand,
Thy head receives the great command;
Be ſure thy timely eyes ſquint out
And rove the whited walls about;
The roof ſurvey—nor paſs unſpy'd
Antic projecting from the ſide
Some carved head, much like to thee
And pale as vice ſhall one day be.

Conſcience now 'ſpoiled of her ſtings,
Learn next from whence preferment ſprings,
For clergy, like your men of place,
Are oft enrich'd by want of grace.
A Prieſt—thou now can'ſt hold a living,
Whether from ſelling or from giving.

To this be all thy thoughts confin'd,
And bid religion lag behind.
Firſt practice on ſome neighb'ring 'ſquire,
Who has the pow'r to make thee higher;
Attend each morn his kennel-gate,
Be ſtill his early dupe and late,
And ſhew thyſelf in every view,
The greater mad-man of the two.
Bid vice diſplay her ampleſt ſtores,
Swear when he ſwears—roar when he roars—
Nay, when his honour is in glee,
Why, let him whip thee up a tree;
What tho' the ladies jeer and laugh,
'Tis thine to make the living ſafe.
If ſport's not to their worſhip's mind,
And dogs no worthier puſs can find,
Why thou thyſelf muſt take the run,
And ſquat to make his honour fun.

 And

And if an hound a little keen,
Should chance to bite thee by the ſhin,
Poh! let that be in ſilence paſs'd,
So thou the biter art at laſt.
What if the huntſman for a ſhew,
To ſome lord's groom ſhould uſe thee ſo?
Why, ply for him thy awkward toes;
He has his maſter's ear—who knows—
Let this be kept a ſtanding rule,
In houſe to be an arrant fool;
At table toaſt ſome noted whore,
And ſwallow bumpers by the ſcore.
Then bellow out ſome brothel ſong,
And mimic all the parts along;
This "ſets the table in a roar,"
And draws forth many a loud encore.

But ſhould their honours ſhew their ſenſe
At poor religion's ſtale expence,
Reſume not thou the ſuffering gown,
But join the laugh, and cry her down.
Swear all religion is a joke;
That policy impos'd the yoke;
That — but I'll give thy parts their due,
And ſay no more—thou know'ſt thy cue.

I'll now ſuppoſe, that at thy cups,
So crown'd with ſtaggers, and hiccups,
When blaſphemies and oaths are o'er,
Thou muſt have kept it up till four;
Now quite unfit to go or ſtand,
Good JOHN and BETTY lend an hand,
And bear thee to thy fulſome reſt;
Till morning in her roſy veſt,

Recalls

Recalls thee to the wonted chace,
With toaſt and brandy—lighted face.
Bleſt life! (all compliments apart)
Full dear, full welcome to thy heart!

But ſhould miſchance thy ſteps incline,
To where a pious ſtrict divine,
Labours his much-lov'd flock to feed
By life, by doctrine, faith and deed;
Gives up the world for Chriſt's employ,
And makes the truſt of ſouls his joy;
Why ſneer him down, and take a pride
His ſtale devotion to deride.
What tho' he be content to move,
In the dull path to Heav'n above;
Let him proceed—'tis thine to ſtray,
With joyous ſouls another way.

Truſt not his Honour's word too long,
Nor barter livings for a ſong.
And if CHARLES *** no vicar be,
Before the age of forty-three,
Why, let him trim his wither'd gown,
And dupe it in ſome borough town.
There while his tongue can counterfeit,
And lie ſome ſcoundrel to a feat,
He to enſlave his ſelfiſh end,
His cauſe will certainly befriend;
And moſt religiouſly incline,
To bribe him with a gift divine.
Now who would be that duller fool,
Religion's dupe! and virtue's tool!
A curate of devouter caſt,
To pine, and die in rags at laſt?
When thou of more heroic ſoul,
Can'ſt grace and poverty controul;

And o'er thoſe humbler duties riſe,
Which lift the chriſtian to the ſkies.

A curate, from a ſervile ſenſe,
May often fear to give offence;
But thou, inſtall'd in rev'rend eaſe,
May'ſt act as ſloth and ſatan pleaſe.
Firſt prove to pride thy full alliance,
And ſet thy flock at ſtrict defiance.
So ſcorn'd and ſcar'd they ſhall not dare
To come and aſk thy lordly care
How beſt to meet their awful doom,
And ſnatch their ſouls from wrath to come.
Guide, and no guide, thou thus ſhalt be
From all dull interruption free;
Thus ſhall ſalvation touch them not,
Thus all thy office be forgot.

Pleas'd thy church-tenure ſtill to rate,
But as ſome temporal eſtate;
Beſtow'd thy pleaſure to purſue,
And act as other lay-men do.

One thought thy purpoſe nicely ſuits;
Conſider all thy flock as brutes;
Thyſelf a man, ordain'd their guide,
But o'er their fleeces to preſide.
This keeps fraternal kindneſs in,
And bids thee fleece them to the ſkin;
Nor endleſs quarrels fails to yield,
In tythes—great MAMMON's glorious field.

If on thy living thou reſide,
Thy ample ſtock of gifted pride
Will ſeize each prompting thought to be,
From ev'ry week-day duty free.

Hear

Hear not when thundering at thy gate,
The ſick man ſends, e'er lingering fate
Call his ſhock'd ſoul from pain's dark night,
And prays thy aid to point its flight.
Hear not, or put to further trial,
Give him a plain and blunt denial.
This makes thy happineſs confeſs'd,
For what's his pain, ſo thou haſt reſt?
Thrice bleſt! that in thy flinty heart,
Compaſſion claims no tender part.
That heart! unknown to ſympathize,
Deaf to meek pities ſofter ties.

When SUNDAY comes, and claims from thee
The charge of high Eternity;
When all thy flock to church repair,
And aſk, at leaſt, this common care;

By

By Heav'n committed to thy truſt,
'Till the great ſteward ſtrict and juſt,
Shall each dim ſoul from thee demand,
And aſk its virtues at thy hand!
Great taſk! but let each means be ſought
How beſt to ſtill the crying thought.
And, therefore, when thou ſhalt reſort,
To thy great Maſter's awful court,
Bid grace and ſanctity depart,
And ſtrive to think not where thou art.
When at thy duty, ape the look,
Of ſchool-boy, playing o'er his book.
Be all ſolemnity of ſpeech forgot,
And read, as tho' thou readeſt not.
Treat praiſes, leſſons, pray'rs and that,
Like nurſes tales, or parrot's chat;
Striving by many a loll and yawn.
To bring on ſleep's contagious dawn.

So

So ſhall each chriſtian judge at heart,
That thou appeareſt as thou art;
And ev'ry reprobate ſoon ſee,
How much thou ſcorn'ſt hypocriſy.

Be ſure in preaching always heed,
The poſt-coach motto, BASE and SPEED:
Run down thy ſermons like an hare,
And that in fifteen minutes bare.
But oh! on pain of being known
A faithful prieſt, write not thy own!
But copy ſuch as prove to be,
Meer miſts of dark philoſophy.
Or dry and uſeleſs diſſertations
On EDEN's ſpot, and BABEL's nations;
If for CAIN's race the MOORS may paſs,
And in what tongue ſpake BALAAM's aſs.

Or critics, ſtor'd with Greekiſh phraſe
Who mangle texts, add and eraſe
Remorſeleſs, as the pen and knife
Of M——D, forging death for life.
Or ſhould a good diſcourſe by chance
On thy glib tongue an hornpipe dance;
Deep truths in warmeſt ſtyle expreſt,
Thy breath will cool them like the reſt.
And high ſalvation preach to men,
Like ÆSOP's tale of cat and hen.

In all things let thy ſloth appear;
Provide but ſermons for a year.
Theſe give thy people o'er and o'er,
Nor add one to the well-known ſtore.
So gentle ſleep, with magic dew,
Shall ſhake her bough from pew to pew.

And

And thou thyſelf as deeply vers'd
From text and place ſo oft rehears'd
Quite down to Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
As an old racer at the ſtarting-poſt.

But not at firſt thy head to tire;
(Tho' other rules thy charge require)
Here ſhall I ſtop—and beg thus far,
Thou wilt receive theſe as they are.
This ſhort inſtruction learnt, ſhall be
Thy firſt, thy *Batchelor's* degree;
And when thy progreſs ſhall demand,
A larger lecture at my hand,
What my experience then ſhall write,
Shall dub thee *Maſter* out of ſight.

THE

BEATIFIC VISION,

An IRREGULAR ODE.

O pulcher patriæ vultus, et ignei
Dulces excubiæ poli!
Cur me ſtelliferi luminis boſpitem,
Cur heu! cur nimium diu
Cœlo ſepoſitum cernitis exſulem?

CASIMIR.

translated

The following is ~~copied~~ from one of St. GERHARD's Meditations

The BEATIFIC VISION,

An IRREGULAR ODE.

I.

TO yon' eternal plains of light,
To realms of everlaſting day,
Fain would my ſoul, O Father! wing its flight;
Fain from dark earth would burſt away!
For here, ſequeſter'd in this vale of tears
How ſlowly move my painful years!
No eaſe this lab'ring breaſt muſt know,
Till death my triumph ſhall beſtow;
And from the grave to bliſsful ſkies,
My ranſom'd duſt with gratitude ſhall riſe.
For this my ſoul with ardent hope poſſeſt,
Impatient ſighs for grateful reſt;
To Heav'ns high tow'rs by active faith aſpires
Mounts in ſwift thought, and ſoars in bright deſires.

Say,

II.

Say, what auſpicious time on feſtive wing
Shall bear the great momentous day,
When theſe fond eyes ſhall thee, my King!
In all thy daz'ling robes ſurvey?
Not with more empaſſion'd look,
The heated ſtag deſcries the limpid brook,
Than for thy preſence longs my ſoul—by turns
Thirſt my parch'd vitals, and my ſpirit burns;
Thirſt for the glories of thy throne,
Burns for ſcenes to Angels known,
Where raptur'd Seraphs glow.
Viſions, tho' full, yet ſtill compleating,
Like chryſtal ſtreams which ſtill retreating
Still from brimming fountains flow.

III.

Bleſt hour! when theſe inſatiate eyes
(Illumin'd with a thouſand dyes)
Yon' glitt'ring domes ſurvey!

And

And view that awful face divine,
That o'er the glory-ſhadow'd ſhrine
Beams forth refulgent day.
When ſhall I in angelic ſounds,
My Heav'n-tun'd voice employ;
While ſtrains that ebriate with joy,
Inceſſant echo thro' Heav'ns ample rounds?

IV.

Say, ye proud, ye great, ye vain,
That fill up life's fantaſtic train
What are her nobleſt ſcenes to this?
Rapture of joy! and extacy of bliſs!
One endleſs ſtate! that never tires!
One glorious life! that ne'er expires!
Whoſe living ſtreams freſh tranſport bring
Still bub'ling from th' inceſſant ſpring.
When ſhall this ſoul to Heav'ns high temple ſoar;
Fall down, and God in God adore?

When ſhall that Sun with golden beams ariſe
O'er world of worlds, and form a ſky of ſkies?

V.

Rejoice then, ranſom'd offspring of the clay!
That tedious life ſhall wear itſelf away—
And tho' an exile here below,
Thy ſoul muſt yet indulge her ſtifled woe;
The dear remembrance of her bliſs above
Shall the remorſeleſs ſtings of rage remove.
'Tis there fond hope ſinks like a bubble down!
'Tis there poſſeſſion plants her golden crown!
Poſſeſſion! that muſt ſtill unchang'd remain;
Still ſtretch from age, to age, one bright eternal reign!

FINIS.